

## The Family

### MAMMA'S FAVORITE.

Oh, which do I love best, the best

Of all my little flock!

There's Baby Rob, with his roguish face,

And Tot in her fresh, white frock;

Which is the dearer? What shall I do?

And how shall I choose between the two?

And there's my Fan, with round brown head,

And her ways so wise and demure,

Her words are sweet, her lips are true,

Her heart is loyal and pure.

So what shall I do? Which shall it be?

How shall I choose between the three?

And there's my Kitty, with star-like eyes,

And her golden fleece of curls;

Gentle and gay, solemn and sweet,

The pearl of my garland of girls

The more I think, I'm puzzled the more—

Which is the best of all the four?

And then there's Harry, the dear, big boy,

With a foot as fleet as a dart;

He's honest and bright, merry and brave—

I love him with all my heart.

In vain I ponder, in vain contrive,

To find the best of all the five.

For Rob's my darling, and Tot's my lamb,

And Fan's my ladybird bright;

And Kit's my sweetheart, now and for aye,

And Harry's my own true knight!

So my mind's made up and my heart's at rest

For I love each one of the five the best!

### "LOSING HEART."

Henry Maclean, Superintendent of Alpine Road Sunday-school, had become depressed in his work. When he accepted the position he thought to find a company of earnest workers, who would be eager in gathering in the young from the evils of the world, and anxious to lead them to Christ.

But of late his hopes had been disappointed. Several of the best teachers had gone away; two had died; the Bible classes had decreased. For the junior classes he had difficulty to find teachers, and one Sunday afternoon he seriously contemplated resigning, hoping a more suitable man might be found.

Burdened with the weight of heavy thoughts, he strolled along the road after school was closed, through the quiet lane, and out on the hill, from whence the town presented a picture of rest.

Surely there were many needing teaching and help, he thought, as he gazed on the houses clustering below; but where was the enthusiasm and ardor he had expected among the workers? He stood meditating thus until startled by the approach of a man from the other side of the hill.

"Fine view here for one who knows and loves that town," said the stranger.

"Have you friends there?" asked Mac-

lean.

"I had one to whom I owe everything—eh, more than I can tell; but I have been away twelve years."

"You will doubtless find changes," said Maclean.

"Yes, but one spot is more sacred to me than any other—see, it is that building beside yon church," and the stranger pointed to the place from which the superintendent had come.

"That is the Sunday-school, surely, to which you point; I have just come from there."

"Indeed; then perhaps I may tell you of the power that once dwelt within those walls. I was a wild, foolish lad at the time of which I speak, but I had been somehow persuaded to become a member of a Bible class. I was many times on the verge of leaving, for my course of living made me ashamed to go; but, sir, that teacher was in touch with the Lord Jesus Christ, and he treated me so patiently, and kept such a hold on me, as only a Christ-like life could do."

"Splendid testimony," said Maclean. "Is that teacher living?"

"Nay, he passed away two years ago, and I was far away on business, and could not get over to see him. His name was Sanford. He was a good teacher, but I cared nothing about Bible teaching; it was just his joy and enthusiasm in his work that captivated me and made me stay. Then, to tell you in brief if I can, I got into terrible trouble—never mind how; no one would tolerate me, and I was leaving the place, hoping to avoid every one, when I met him, and found he knew it all. I can never forget his look of pain at me. Long afterwards, I know it was the Spirit of Christ in him, loving me to penitence. His words were few, but so full of pleading that they seemed to fasten a chain around me, which long afterwards brought me to the cross, though at the time I withstood it all."

"Sad, if he never knew," said Maclean, deeply interested.

"Ah, but he did; do you suppose he would let one like me go? He followed me by prayers and letters, and with what blessed results God knows, and the teacher also came to know."

Henry Maclean began to see what was lacking in the school, and as he listened he sighed and said: "We have but few like Mr. Sanford. I knew him, but I am losing heart in Sunday-school work."

"Knew him, and yet losing heart in such work! Why, sir, it is the work an angel might covet; but I grant you it is spoiled when unconsecrated souls attempt to teach the way of salvation. We want the holiest men and women to train the young, those who, like my sainted teacher, are in touch with the Lord Jesus Christ. May his mantle fall on us, and we shall be a like power to win souls for eternity!"

"Strange I should have met you just as I was in this desponding condition; but God knows what a change it may make, for I can take heart again and look to Him for a blessing." Maclean and Haviland (that was the stranger's name)

walked towards the town together, and a friendship was started that led to great things.

A time of good cheer came to Alpine Road Sunday-school; teachers became consecrated, and all indifference gave place to joyful enthusiasm.

Haviland told his experience at a teachers' meeting, and urged the importance of sympathy with young men and women, and the power of a look or a word—for a look a fainting heart may break,

Or make it whole;

And just one word, if said for Christ's dear sake,

May save a soul.

—Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the "London Christian."

### LOST NEIGHBORS.

By Emma C. Dowd.

"Are you sure you know the way, Jeannette?" said mother, cheerily

"Why, of course I do, mamma! I go right down this street, and down next street and turn the corner, and then I'm there."

Mamma kissed her, and said, "All right. One loaf of rye bread, remember."

Jeannette really did know the way to the bakery, or would have if she had not happened to be looking at a dear little pony cart just when she ought to have turned the first corner. So she went on to the next street, and that carried her into a strange neighborhood. When she got to where the bakery ought to be, it was not there at all. Where was she? She looked around in sudden terror. Nothing was as she remembered it! "Oh, I'm lost!" she whispered, tearfully. There was an open lot on the corner, with a dog in it. She was afraid of dogs. She ran on down the street. Perhaps she had not gone far enough to reach the bakery. She heard a little wailing cry, and looked across to the opposite sidewalk.

There was a little girl just as big as she, and this little girl was crying, too, crying out loud! Jeannette stopped to look at her and to wonder what could be the matter.

"She feels bad, and hasn't got anybody to comfort her," Jeannette thought. She looked round. "There isn't anybody but me. I guess I must go." She ran over.

"Hullo! Don't cry—I'm here! I won't let anybody hurt you," and Jeannette put her arm round the other little girl.

"I want—my mamma!" she sobbed. "I can't find my house!"

"Never mind!" comforted Jeannette, "Maybe I can find it."

"I'm Charlotte Cashen. I live at 55 Summer street. I'm four years old. Then little Charlotte stared at Jeannette. "Why, you're crying, too!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I forgot!" said Jeannette. "I was crying 'cause I was lost. I couldn't find the baker's shop. I live on Summer street and I'm four years old, and my name's Jeannette Jacobs."

Little Charlotte showed dimples through her tears. "Ain't that funny?" she said. "You're lost and I'm lost, and